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A JOURNEY FROM CURIOSITY TO HUMILITY

By Liam Cummings

Liam Cummings joined TMI's Professional Division in 1998 with a view to incorporating Hemi-Sync® into his physiotherapy practice. He is presently renovating a historic building in the heart of Derry, Ireland, which will become his Natural Health Centre. Liam's personal journeys with Hemi-Sync have been—to say the least—out of the ordinary.

A couple of years ago, I was conversing with my friend and neighbor, John. Our discussion centered on where we came from and (maybe more importantly) where we are going. People from different religious backgrounds had told me that if I was not of their beliefs then I was destined for hell; people of differing spiritual persuasions had told me about near-death and out of-body experiences. Such contrasting beliefs started me asking questions of myself, as well as others.

John's account of Robert Monroe's experiences and writing struck a chord. I headed off on holiday with John's copy of *Journeys Out of the Body*. I couldn't wait to get home and borrow Far Journeys. John did not have *Ultimate Journey.* He did have the first Wave of the *GATEWAY EXPERIENCE®*. I settled down for lift-off with tapes 1 and 2. By the third or fourth session scenes featuring red Indians and a woman and children in Victorian-period clothing were unfolding. I rang John and asked if he saw anything when listening to these tapes. John saw nothing. The answers to my questions obviously lay further afield.

I contacted Shirley Bliley at TMI, became a member, and got scared a time or two after vibrations started—first in my head and then all over my body. A man in Scotland put me onto a man in Dublin, and within a few weeks, John and I were headed for Dublin and a two-day *GATEWAY EXCURSION®*. After one tape I got chatting to Martin in the wee boys' room. "How did that go?" he asked. I replied that I'd been to Paris and then to China. So had he! Martin was to play a big part in my progression.

During dinner that evening, I heard about shamanism. Not too long after the *EXCURSION*, John and I headed south once more for a shamanic weekend led by our new friend Martin. We started where the *EXCURSION* trips left off and journeyed to the lower, middle, and upper worlds where we connected with Indian teachers and helpers and power animals. Thoughts regarding the authenticity of this stuff entered my mind off and on. Then one day I used a free twenty-minute slot at work to journey and ask an old Indian woman about past-life issues. At our usual meeting place, a man appeared and told me my guide was not about; come back later. I knew I hadn't made that up. After that, there was no more doubt. I met a shamanic counselor named Celia through Martin. While journeying to the sound of her drum, I asked to

meet a healing spirit and was told that it was all in my own hands. Energy was flowing through me like never before—or should I say, like I'd never realized before? I was ready for another course but couldn't go to Virginia. Lo and behold, a friend of Celia's was organizing a shamanic course in England.

The course was on death and dying. I went where I would go to after my death. It didn't actually seem out of this world, just a wee white cottage. I thought, "If it's as simple as that, I could die any day." But there's no rush. During a journey to meet my mother and say, "Thanks," my helper said she was at one with the universal spirit and to thank the universe, of which she was a part, and of which we are all a part.

The notion that I was bound for hell if not of a particular religious persuasion was well and truly put to rest on my next journey. I asked if anyone associated with me had crossed over but was having a problem moving on. I was advised that no one needed help just then but, in case I did meet someone, to take him or her to the place I was about to be shown. A beautifully decorated boat was paddled to the edge of a river. I was told not to enter it, but to follow on. Floating some eight or ten feet above the water, I saw many boats or canoes heading in the same direction. We landed at a big wooden town with exquisite designs and carvings on the buildings. A sort of "corral" had an altar with someone lying on it in the center. The crowd around the altar was welcoming and healing a new member of the community.

As the journey ended, I was shown an amazing sight—a multitude of people, stretching as far as the eye could see across a plain. In response to some imperceptible signal, they all started to run across the plain into the distance. They had come there for a healing and were now continuing their journey into the spirit world. I felt nothing short of intense love and happiness, and I came home a wiser man.

My next big journey was to be the *GATEWAY VOYAGE*® at TMI. Two opportunities in Europe fell through. Thank God! Maybe I was destined to go to Virginia, because my second application for funding came through. Luck was definitely on my side because the available *VOYAGE* preceded the Seventeenth Professional Seminar. A fifteen-hour flight found me settling down in Jim and Ginna Colburn's Fallen Oak Bed & Breakfast up the road from the Institute. On the way from the airport Jim and I discussed my previous experiences. He thought the place with the multitude was probably Focus 27. I had listened to the *GOING HOME*® series many times but had never equated the two.

Between the shamanic death and dying course in September 1999 and TMI in March 2000, my journeys to other realities had been few. However, no sooner were we started on the tapes than I was all over the place. I went to a place that seemed to be made entirely of crystals and was duly informed that this was the Crystal City, which had been documented by others. Other

experiences had to do with healing. In a place for being in complete silence, without even a thought, I was told that the *GATEWAY* group experience was a gift to be cherished.

On the night between the *VOYAGE* and the seminar, I stayed over in The Nancy Penn Center. Around midnight, I suddenly woke to the sound and feeling of an energy outside of my CHEC unit coming through the wall and entering my body. Uncontrollable vibrations flowed through me from head to toe in waves and eventually settled in the back of my head. I waited for the elusive type-one OOBE, but it didn't happen. When Mark Certo heard my story, he surmised that I had already been out and that returning to my body set off the vibrations.

The Professional Seminar was well worth extending my stay. The speakers' content and delivery were top-notch. Susan Taylor illustrated her talk with original artwork, which included images of places "out there." When we heard the new *Seventh Wave* tapes on Tape Day, I experienced some things that would not have looked out of place in Susan's portfolio.

On the fifth tape, I went through Focus 10 and entered a tunnel. Exiting at Focus 12, I encountered a spinning double helix, suspended in a beautiful, mild purple area on my right. The helix exploded into a shower of bright white sparkles from which a white entity seemed to emerge.

This entity metamorphosed through a series of matchstick-type figures as it took me up to Focus 21. It swayed and wove and had a kind of "tail" in a darker shade of purple. I stood there as a number of elliptical entities passed over my left shoulder and disappeared into the distance. Turning 90 degrees placed me at the mouth of a massive tunnel, also purple. I felt like a pinhead at the mouth of a giant megaphone with a brilliant white light at the far end. Silhouettes were constantly passing in front of the light. The last one seemed to be a man carrying a woman who had fainted in his arms. Watching them coming toward me, it felt like I should pledge to do my best for my fellow man for the rest of my life. There was a "knowing" that if I did so, then all the help I needed would be available from that place. Filled with awe and emotion, I so affirmed. Within a minute or so, we were called back to physical reality. I'll do my best.

I met Robert's brother Emmett at the seminar. After one of the presentations, he called me over to look at the tower photograph that he had taken years before while on holiday in Scotland. An architect Monroe had designed it several hundred years ago. You have probably read about the similarities between that tower and the one at TMI, which Bob Monroe designed. I told Emmett that I was aware of the Scottish Monroe connection. He went on to say that the connection could actually be traced back to Ireland. "Where?" I asked. The Valley of the Roe, hence "Man from Roe."

That's interesting. Guess where I'm from? It's a small world.

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